

THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAR

ALL THE YEAR ROUND

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GRETCHEN.

By the Author of "Dams Durden," "My Lord Conceit,"
"Darby and Joan," "Corinna," etc.

BOOK VII.

CHAPTER I.

STILL CHAMPION AND DEFENDER OF THE WEAK.

It was long before Adrian Lyle awoke to consciousness, and then he had but a dull and feeble recollection of what had occurred.

He was in his own bed-room in the hotel, and one of the servants told him that a gentleman had found him lying unconscious at the door, and had assisted to carry him in and had gone for a doctor. The doctor had left but a few moments and would return in the course of an hour. Meanwhile, he had left a restoring draught, to be taken as soon as the patient became conscious.

Adrian Lyle listened to the explanation and took the draught, and then sank back on the pillows, trying to collect his thoughts, and wondering at the sense of exhaustion and bodily weakness, which rendered thought and movement alike an exertion.

Happily, the medicine soothed him gradually into a deep and dreamless sleep; a sleep of which he stood sadly in need, to repair the waste of nervous force and vital energy he had of late expended. It was broad day when he woke again, and the sun was streaming into his room.

The same attendant brought him some tea and a message from the gentleman who had come to his assistance on the previous night, to say he would like to see Mr. Lyle for a few moments if he felt strong enough.

"I will dress and see him in the coffee-room," answered the young clergyman. "Do you know the gentleman's name?"

"Yes," was the answer. "He has taken rooms here also. The name is Sir Roy Kenyon."

Adrian Lyle started. The blood flushed to his pale face. He asked no more questions, but dismissed the man; and, dizzy and feeble as he still felt, he made his toilet, and was proceeding downstairs, when a waiter came to him with the request that he would see Sir Roy in his private sitting-room.

Adrian Lyle turned and at once followed the man. A door opened, and closed; he walked steadily forwards, and stood face to face with the old Baronet.

Sir Roy had risen at his entrance, and now bowed coldly and distantly as he pointed to a chair. "I hope," he said, "you are better this morning. It was fortunate I found you. Your condition last night alarmed me."

"I must thank you," answered Adrian Lyle, "for the service you rendered. I have gone through a great deal of trouble and mental anxiety lately. I suppose a collapse was inevitable."

"I was surprised to find you here," continued Sir Roy. "May I ask if we have met in connection with the same business — this unfortunate girl?"

Adrian Lyle looked straight at the calm, unmoved face.

"Sir Roy," he said, "do you know the real facts of the case? Who has been your informant in the first instance?"

"Bari," was the answer.

"Ah," said Adrian Lyle quickly, "I thought as much. Then you have not heard the real facts."

"I have heard," said Sir Roy, "that my

nephew, in the first instance, and you, Mr. Lyle, in the second, are concerned in this deplorable and disgraceful occurrence."

"I!" interrupted Adrian Lyle, the blood flushing dusky to his brow.

"Yes, you. As far as Neale was concerned, the—the affair ended in Rome; but your share in it is far more serious, and has continued up to the present tragedy. I believe—"

"Stop," cried Adrian Lyle imperatively. "I cannot permit such an accusation to stand! Has not your daughter told you the particulars of our interview?"

"You will oblige me," said Sir Roy haughtily, "by keeping Miss Kenyon's name out of this discussion. I am surprised—more than surprised—that your own good taste should not have prevented you speaking to her on the matter as you did."

"I spoke in my own defence," said Adrian Lyle with equal hauteur. "She made an accusation against me on the grounds of certain information given by Bari, who is nothing but a spy and informer. This accusation I indignantly denied. The facts of the case are these. My first acquaintance with your nephew began at Venice, and there he introduced me to this young lady as his wife."

"Come, come," interposed Sir Roy, with an indulgent smile; "I am a man of the world; you, Mr. Lyle, despite your cloth, know well the follies and fancies of youth. Could you suppose for a moment that a young man of my nephew's position and prospects would enter into a serious alliance with a low-born peasant-girl? Ridiculous!"

"A low-born peasant girl!" repeated Adrian Lyle. "Sir Roy, you are indeed labouring under grave error. The girl is a lady in every sense of the word—fair, graceful, well-educated, and of an old Austrian family. They had intended her for a religious life, and, indeed, she was just about to enter a convent when your nephew unfortunately made her acquaintance. She herself told me, that on her family discovering she was in love with an Englishman—of whom, as a race, they had an absolute horror—they resolved that she should enter a convent at once. To escape this fate she fled with your nephew to Vienna, where, she believed, he married her, and took her to Italy. There I met them. He seemed so deeply and passionately in love with her that I for long entertained no suspicion as to the legality of their union; but by degrees I grew uneasy,

and at Rome I had an explanation with him. He was angry and indignant at my interference; but he ended in giving me deliberate assurance that the girl was his wife."

"And, knowing all this," demanded Sir Roy, his face white and stern with anger, "why did you keep the affair a secret from me?"

"He had exacted a promise from me to do so," answered Adrian Lyle. "He said he had certain expectations from you which necessitated his marriage being a secret. I had given my word—I felt angry and grieved that I had done so—but I could see no reason for breaking it, until—"

"Until that letter came?" asked Sir Roy.

"Yes. You must have seen how shocked I was at learning in his own words such an acknowledgement of perfidy and baseness. I could scarcely credit it. I knew where this poor deceived girl lived—I went at once to her. I found Bari again beforehand with me. He had just told her of your nephew's treachery, declaring that the marriage was nothing but a sham, arranged by himself, and that her betrayer now wished to break with her for ever. Sir Roy—if you had seen that poor young broken-hearted creature . . . but what need of words to describe her agony? Look at its sequel—see how the shock and shame have bereft her of reason as of hope; go and see her in her prison cell, a wreck of the youth, and beauty, and sweetness, I remember but a few brief months ago; see her thus, a child in years, her dream-world shattered, her lovely nature wrecked by the wanton cruelty of a weak man's caprice; listen to her broken words, the piteous babbling of that shattered brain; and ask yourself if on all the earth there ever lived a sadder sight. Ask yourself, too, who is the real criminal; who it is that deserves to stand now by her side pilloried by the world's scorn, condemned by all that is just, and honourable, and fair dealing, in the eyes of his fellow-man?"

He had risen from his chair, though one hand still rested on it for support. The compelling force of eyes and voice were on Sir Roy's shrinking face, which had grown white and ghastly with each fresh proof of a guilt he had determined to refute in mere obstinacy and disbelief.

But truth spoke out in every line of this man's face; this man of whom he would have believed a base and shameful lie; this man whose good name had been dragged

through the mire of a cruel scandal for sake of the promise that had sealed his lips; this man who alone had befriended the desolate girl in her misery, and thought it no shame to stand by her now in this most terrible hour of degradation!

As he met that look; as all the faith, and truth, and nobility of Adrian Lyle's most noble nature suddenly spoke and lived before the man who had come here as his accuser; he felt the last hope he had held in his nephew's honour give way. He covered his face with his hands and groaned aloud.

Adrian Lyle watched him silently, almost pityingly. He put the insult to himself aside. It seemed of little consequence what was believed of him, so clear of offence did his own conscience show his actions.

Mistaken, trusting, he might have been, but he had been true to the promise of his friendship; he had come to Gretchen's side in her hour of misery, even as he had said he would; and now he stood, her champion and defender, ready to give her every aid of human love and human pity; ready in face of Heaven and man to proclaim her innocence; ready, ay, at any cost, to take her hand within his own and lead her to safety and to peace, in the face of all who scorned and scoffed at that chivalry of soul, which is but the world's byword for what is too purely noble for its comprehension—ready to do and dare as any knight of old; asking no reward; seeking no favour; but simply for sake of a great and unselfish love, whose only guerdon had been pain and suffering!

The silence was strained almost to intensity. Adrian Lyle could say no more. Sir Roy dared not.

At last, he lifted his head and looked sadly at the brave and noble face before him.

"Mr. Lyle," he said brokenly, "I have done you a great wrong: I—I ask your pardon. My only excuse is my love for the boy. I could not believe him so base. I have looked upon him as a son all my life. The dearest hope of that life has been, that he should one day become the husband of my child; that I should see them happy and honoured in the old home. You can imagine how I fought against this story—refusing to believe Neale capable of such baseness. Bari, who was in his confidence, represented the girl as an adventuress; and swore to me that at Rome she had left my nephew to follow you. I believed him; perhaps, because

I wished to believe him. Again I ask your pardon. He shall confess that he has lied; he shall be forced to refute the base and cruel story now circulating to your discredit, through the length and breadth of the parish—he shall."

"Stay," interposed Adrian Lyle quietly. "I can afford to deal with him in my own way, and at my own time. The reparation and the justice I ask from your hands, Sir Roy, is for this poor victim, whose fate is still in the balance. At all cost, even at risk of the scandal to an honoured name, the true facts of her story must be told. All that money can do for her safety and defence lies in the power of your wealth and influence. May I trust to you? My means are small, though Heaven knows I would give every farthing I have in the world to do her service. But you——"

"Say no more," answered Sir Roy. "I will do all that it is possible to do."

"Then," said Adrian Lyle, "my mind is more at rest. We can but wait the issue of the trial, now. Her fate lies not in our hands, but in that of a Higher Power—may the mercy of Heaven control the justice of man!"

"Amen!" said Sir Roy solemnly, and he extended his hand. Adrian Lyle took it, and held it in a long and silent grasp. There was no need for further words. One man at last believed in him, and would be his friend for life.

CHAPTER II. THE CLOUDS GATHER.

EVERY day Sir Roy Kenyon and Adrian Lyle visited the poor accused creature in her cell; but neither the one nor the other could draw from her any information that might serve for her defence at the approaching trial.

The inquest had proved that the child had been born alive, and was at least three days old at the time it had been discovered; but where the poor young mother had been for those three days, no one could find out.

With untiring patience did Adrian Lyle watch the girl's mental condition, feeling assured that this was only some temporary cloud straining the tortured brain. Gently, tenderly as a woman might have done, but as no woman would have had courage and strength to do, he soothed her and comforted her in the paroxysms of terror which sometimes overtook her, and ever and always sought to lead her mind to that one clue which yet always escaped him.

By it she might be cleared—so said her counsel—without it there was nothing to do but plead temporary insanity.

Anna von Waldstein had not visited the prison again. The shock and horror of that scene had resulted in serious illness, and she had left neither her room nor her bed since.

Sir Roy had telegraphed to Neale to return to England at once on urgent private affairs; but, in the disturbed state of the district where he was stationed, it was scarcely to be expected that he could obtain leave of absence.

Sir Roy had also written to Alexis, informing her of that interview with Adrian Lyle, which had served to convince him of the young clergyman's entire innocence in the matter; and to the Rector, stating the facts of the case, and begging him to consider well before carrying out his threat of referring the matter to the Bishop, since it was clear enough who was the real culprit.

The result of this letter to Mr. Bray was one of apology and regret to Adrian Lyle, and a request that he would think no more of their disagreement, but return to his duties as soon as he found it convenient.

The young man replied with all due courtesy, but maintained that his abrupt dismissal gave him now the right to consider his engagement at an end; and insisted that, though he regretted to seem disobliging, he thought it best not to return to Medehurst.

In the absence of Sir Roy, to whom he always took his grievances and troubles, the old Rector went to Alexis, and confided to her the dreadful mistake he had made, and the difficulty he should find in procuring another curate to suit him so admirably as Adrian Lyle had done. He even gave her his letter to read, knowing nothing of what it cost her to maintain that proud composure; guessing nothing of the conflict she was waging with herself as she remembered the bitter insult she had cast at his feet; feeling herself degraded in his eyes for ever by the memory of that one most hateful interview, when jealousy had dimmed her usual clear sense of justice, and those fierce yet vague emotions of scorn, longing, impotence, and regret, had roused her to a display of anger both humiliating and unwomanly—a display for which atonement and forgetfulness were alike impossible.

She did not answer her father's letter—

she dared not trust herself to do so; and to the Rector she merely handed back Adrian Lyle's cold and courteous epistle, saying: "I thought curates were as plentiful as blackberries, Mr. Bray. Why trouble about the loss of one when you can get fifty others by an advertisement in the 'Rock' or the 'Evangelist' to-morrow?"

In very truth Adrian Lyle scarcely remembered that interview which haunted her so incessantly. His heart was far too troubled; his mind far too occupied for any memory of the proud, cold, and singular being, whose influence on his life had been so short-lived.

The task he had set himself demanded all his strength and all his calmness; he had to fight for Gretchen's honour and for Gretchen's safety; to fight single-handed against obstacles that might well have daunted any man's courage; to fight for an innocence he determined should be proved and to establish which he worked night and day.

The lawyers had told him that one witness might save her, a witness who could prove the birth of the child and the condition of the mother's mind. But to find such a witness without help from Gretchen herself, seemed daily more impossible.

By Sir Roy's influence they got the case remanded for another week, and then it was that a strange and desperate resolve took possession of Adrian Lyle.

He determined to trace step by step Gretchen's course during those three days. Starting from that wood where she had been discovered, he would go backwards on the course she had taken, no matter how difficult it might be.

He told Sir Roy of his project, winning indeed but scant encouragement.

"The police have made every enquiry," said the Baronet. "If such a witness existed, we should have heard of it by this time."

But Adrian Lyle shook his head.

"I have not much faith in the police," he said quietly. "And though I have never in my life played amateur detective, I am determined to do so now. I am convinced that someone could come forward to prove what is now withheld by one of two things."

"And what," asked Sir Roy, "are they?"

"Ignorance or malice," was the answer.

The fact of exertion, the impelling force

that hurried him along the road of action, served in a great measure to alleviate the intensity of mental anguish with which Adrian Lyle had become of late so terribly familiar.

Anything, he felt, was better than to contemplate dumbly, helplessly, that changed and sad young life; to listen to the broken words; to gaze at the altered face, with all its sweet and trusting innocence burnt out by the touch of that fatal brand which still flames in the hand of that guardian of the fatal sin—the sin which bears the fruit of knowledge of good and evil.

Away from her, his memory pictured her as she had been, not as she was; though at times the agony of unavailing regret would thrill his soul, as he felt that never word or deed of mortal man would restore her to that lost place, that pedestal of purity and innocence from which her angel face had first looked back to his.

He dared not trust himself to think of it. He forced aside the misery of thought by the restlessness of action. Hour by hour and day by day he pursued the course he had set himself, steadily and relentlessly, keen of eye and strong of nerve, neglecting not the smallest incident that might serve as a link in the chain he was forging. With endurance strung to its highest tension; with patience and resolve waiting on energy and zeal; so he carried on his task, knowing well that his only reward would be the knowledge that he had saved one who would not even know her saviour, or the doom he had averted.

SOME ETYMOLOGICAL CURIOS.

A PAINSTAKING effort to trace the descent of many words and phrases in common use unfolds an interesting field of research; and this, notwithstanding the fact that several works, dealing in a more or less exhaustive manner with the subject, have been published. It would almost seem, however, that the authors of these books have frequently missed their mark by aiming too high; or, in other words, that they have often selected words or sayings which are not by any means common.

Those who have devoted attention to the pedigree of familiar terms will scarcely dispute the above assertion; for the philological antiquary will often in vain consult the dictionaries in question concerning the origin of such expressions, for instance, as

"to cut and run;" "to take him down a peg;" "to set the Thames on fire;" or the like. And he will have but a slightly greater success in the case of numerous words, such as "queer" (which is sufficiently familiar); the term "jerked," as applied to beef; or the name "John Dory," attached to a well-known denizen of the deep. As the whole subject of origin is curious, we may as well begin by an examination of the history of "queer."

De Quincey was a high authority on etymology; he was also, beyond doubt, "queer;" and we have to thank him for placing on record the strange circumstances connected with the birth of that expressive word. These were briefly as follows. Quin, the celebrated actor, while engaged as manager of a theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields, one night wagered a nobleman one hundred pounds that, next morning, a new word would be in everybody's mouth. The wager was accepted, it being clearly bargained that the word would be a brand-new one. So, when Mr. Rich's theatre closed that evening, Quin called together all the "supers" and other inferior stage hands. Giving each a large piece of chalk he desired them to go through all the principal streets of London, and write in very legible characters on the "side-walks," the word "queer." On the following morning, of course, people were amazed, and the expression was literally in everyone's mouth. Knots of persons gathered here and there to discuss the matter; and Quin won the wager, leaving us a legacy in the shape of "queer."

Some of the Opium-Eater's etymological discoveries are interesting, if not always trustworthy. He tells us, for example, that the familiar word "news" is simply a combination of the initial letters of the monosyllables North, East, West, South; while he derives the opprobrious term "coward," not from the well-known animal represented in its orthography, but from that animal's caudal appendage—a coward being one who lags behind in battle. A similar kind of reasoning, no doubt, gave rise to the saying: "He is always behind, like the cow's tail," which is common in some districts. Though it may be questioned if the inventor of the "truckle-bed" was conversant with the Greek Lexicon, De Quincey says that that article of furniture derives its designation from "trochlea," a little wheel.

We continually hear of persons "stepping into dead men's shoes," or, rather, it is

remarked that So-and-so has stepped into "a dead man's shoes." Several theories have been advanced to account for the origin of this expression; and an exceedingly plausible one has been set forth by a recent writer. Very much abridged, it is to the following effect.

In Ireland and the Scottish Highlands many "tanist" stones have been found. These are generally portions of the solid rock projecting above the neighbouring surface; and on the tanist stone is carved the impression of a very large human foot. Why the impression is invariably so large, has been a puzzling question to antiquaries; and the writer on tanist stones makes no attempt to explain this important point. But it seems to us to be easily capable of elucidation; at least, if we are to believe the statements of an ancient Celtic author, whose somewhat unspellable name we at present forget. He asserts, however, that the feet of the Picts were so large, that, when the men were slain in battle, they did not fall, but the upper part of their bodies, as it were, "hung," for their feet, owing to their immense proportions, retained their normal position flat on the ground.

This is surprising enough, and we may picture to ourselves the extraordinary aspect of a field "after the battle." But our voracious writer goes further. He adds that, in summer, the Picts utilised the soles of their feet after the manner of the modern umbrella—they lay on their backs, and, elevating their lower limbs, were at once provided with an adequate shelter from the rays of the sun.

When a new King or Chief succeeded to power, he installed himself by placing his right foot in the carved impression, at the same time saying that he was by right installed into his possessions, and would walk in his ancestor's footsteps. Thus he stepped into a dead man's shoes.

While treating of feet we may here note the saying to "put the right foot foremost," which, it is believed, can boast of a Roman origin. Roman etiquette required a visitor, calling on an acquaintance, to step over the threshold with his right foot; and so strictly was this insisted upon, that an attendant was posted at the door to see that the regulation was complied with.

A word which we have just employed, "etiquette," is, of course, directly imported

from beyond the "silver streak." But its present meaning has considerably wandered from its original signification, and has done so by the following interesting path. Etiquette, in the first place, implied a ticket, a label; so, etiquettes were tied to luggage to show its destination; and they were also used to indicate the contents of legal deeds or other documents. In course of time tickets (or etiquettes) were given to people on occasions of state, or to gain for them admission to various entertainments.

From the latter circumstance arose the application of the word to ceremonious behaviour.

The curious word "leet," much used in Scotland, is also derived from the French. According to the old method of an Edinburgh or Glasgow municipal election, a large list of persons was first presented by the trades, so that the magistrates might shorten it. This was the "lang leet;" when abridged, it was called the "short leet." The word is, of course, a corruption of "élite," chosen persons.

Among slang terms, "blunt," meaning money, is from the French "blond," pale-coloured coin.

Some place-names have, however, been set down in too hasty a manner as being direct appropriations from our neighbours. A notable instance of this occurs in the appellations Belgrave, Belgravia, etc., which are often said to have arisen after the great influx of the Huguenots in the seventeenth century. But it appears to be certain that the name of the metropolitan Belgravia is derived from the ancient village of Belgrave, in Cheshire. This place belonged, for hundreds of years, to a family of Belgraves, the ruins of whose castle still exist, though the family has long been extinct.

The same county of Chester gave origin to the saying "to grin like a Cheshire cat," which is still in vogue in many districts of the north of England. Several accounts have been given as to the birth of this suggestive phrase. One, which appears to be the most plausible, asserts that the wild cat continued to inhabit the peninsula between the Dee and Mersey long after it had disappeared from other parts of the country. The face, and especially the mouth, of the animal were very wide, and its "grin" was so exceedingly formidable, that it may easily be imagined how the saying, "to grin like a Cheshire cat" came to be a common one among the peasantry.

It is also said to have arisen from the fact that Cheshire cheeses were, at some distant period, made in the form of the cat indigenous to the county. We are told that the cheeses were embellished with whiskers and tails; and we may suppose that their mouths were accorded a sufficiently wide grin to give the cue to the saying.

"To give the cue" is a common phrase. According to most dictionaries, "cue" (in its theatrical sense) is derived from the Latin "cauda," through the French "queue;" and the same authorities say that it means the last words of a speech which the actor, who has to reply, catches and regards as a notice to begin. This theory is, perhaps, supported by the fact that, in French theatrical phrases, what we call the "cue" is styled the "réplique." But Mr. Wedgewood maintains that the above etymology is quite erroneous. He says that "cue" is derived from "Q," the first letter of the Latin "quando," which used to be marked on the Roman players' parts, to show when they were to enter and speak.

The bibulous customs of our ancestors have bequeathed a number of well-known phrases to our own time. Till a comparatively recent period the Devonshire farmer, accompanied by his labourers, performed the rite briefly described below on the eve of Epiphany. They proceeded to the orchard, and, surrounding the apple trees, drank from a capacious vessel to their budding, bearing, and blowing. The liquor used for this purpose was invariably a concoction of sugar, apples, and ale, being called by the peasants "lambs' wool." This extraordinary appellation might well excite curiosity, and its origin has been explained as follows. The ancient Irish used to worship the spirit that presided over fruit, and particularly over apple trees, the special day devoted to this celebration being called La Mas Ubhal—the day of the apple—and the liquor consumed on the occasion received the name of the day. By a series of events, too complicated to detail here, the same designation came to be applied to the liquor of Devonshire, etc., where we have still, in "lambs' wool," a corruption of La Mas Ubhal.

The phrases, "be's in a merry pin," and "take him down a peg," we owe to the wisdom of King Edgar, who, according to Strutt, made strenuous efforts to suppress the drinking customs of his

subjects. He would only permit each village to have one ale-house; and placed further restrictions on the inhabitants by the singular method of causing pins or pegs to be affixed at intervals in the drinking cups, which were made of wood or horn. Whoever drank beyond these marks at one draught became liable to a penalty. But the author of "Curiosities of Ale and Beer" says that this ingenious device was of little real use, and eventually led to increased drinking, so much so, that in 1102, Anselm issued the decree: "Let no priests go to drinking bouts, or drink to pegs." Such drinking "to pegs" was commonly called pin-drinking, or pin-nicking, from which latter, perhaps, may come the modern word "picnic."

It is said that Haydn, while he was resident in England, was fond of company, but did not like his guests to remain in his house beyond a certain period. If one of his friends was becoming tiresome, the great composer would suddenly start to his feet, place his hand to his forehead, and remark "I have a tot, I have a tot." This meant that he had a "thought," an idea, and must retire for a moment to note it down. But when he returned to the room, it was frequently observed that he had taken advantage of the opportunity to refresh himself; hence possibly the expression, "a tot of spirits." While treating of spirits, we may glance at the word "gin," which is derived from the Dutch, who call the hollands (their national spirit) "giniva." This term they have drawn from the French "genièvre," juniper; juniper berries being used in flavouring the gin made at Schiedam from unmalted rye.

Passing on from beer and spirits to fish and flesh, we find Prescott, in his "Conquest of Peru," giving the following theory as to the origin of the term "jerked" as applied to beef. Some of the coarser varieties of the Peruvian sheep were slaughtered, their flesh being cut into thin slices. These latter were distributed among the poorer classes of the Incas' subjects, who converted them into "charqui"—the dried meat of the country, which still continues to form an important article of diet in Peru. And so "charqui" is now represented in the "jerked" beef of South America. The name "Peru" itself has given rise to a good deal of controversy. One authority states that

"Pelu" was the Indian name for "river," and was given by a native to one of the Spaniards, who jumped to the conclusion that it was the name of the country; while Montesinos remarks that Peru was the ancient Ophir, which in time became modified into Phiru, Piru, Peru. This is almost as good as the origin of the Scotch surname "Carruthers;" the first of that name being a steersman, who was styled by his shipmates "John Ca' the rudder."

The etymology of "John Dory" has been a vexed question. It appears, however, that this name is a corruption of "il janitore," or the doorkeeper. On the Italian coast, the fish was called St. Peter, and he being supposed to be the doorkeeper of heaven, "il janitore" was occasionally substituted; this, British tars transformed into John Dory. Among vegetables, the "Jerusalem" artichoke is a corruption of "girasole"—the plant turning to the sun—and many may have wondered what connection it has with Jerusalem. The "mayduke" cherry, again, derives its name from Medoc in Burgundy; while the damson is "damascene," or the plum of Damascus. The "bigaroon" cherry is so called from Bigorre, the French province where it is grown; and "cherry" itself is from Cerasus, in Asia Minor. Among celebrated apples, the "rennet" is "la reinette," or the "little queen"; while "pippin" is derived, says Dr. Johnson, from the Dutch "puppynghe." The brown "bury" pear is so named from its buttery or melting quality ("beurré"); and the "arline" plum is a corruption of "Orleans."

The word plum reminds us of the slang term "plum," meaning one hundred thousand pounds. Professor Barrere traces this to "pluma," a feather, the idea being that the man who had accumulated so large a sum had thoroughly "feathered his nest." This is as good as Dr. Mackay's etymology of "bobby," a policeman. Bobby, he says, is derived from a Gaelic word, "bobhan," meaning "a big boy." But Professor Barrere confesses himself beat by other financial terms, such as "pony," "monkey," and "marygold." The name "tanner," however, which is attached to a well-known coin, is derived from the Gipsy language. It is remarkable to observe that numerous words, once regarded as slang, have now been regularly incorporated with the English tongue. "Saunterer" is an instance of this. The beggars who, in mediæval times, wandered about the country, pretending that they were poor

Crusaders from the "sainte terre," became before long known as "sainte terrors," hence our word "saunterer."

We may perhaps hazard the guess that the phrase that such a person, or such an undertaking, is "up a tree," is derived from the unpleasant experiences of Charles the Second, after the battle of Worcester; while we may in passing attempt to deprive our American cousins of the honour of coining the term "Lynch Law." It appears to be generally believed that this expression is of Yankee origin. But a recent traveller in the west of Ireland visited Galway, where he was shown one of the principal "sights" of the town—an ancient house, with a window over which Governor Lynch hanged his own son. This event probably took place long before "Lynch Law" was heard of in the far West. Many words and phrases in common use are, however, importations from the United States. "Yankee" itself was originally the word "English," as pronounced by the Indians (Yenghies, Yanggih, Yankees). "Bogus," again, is from "Borghese," a swindler who passed many counterfeit bills in America, while "The Upper Ten," or "The Upper Ten Thousand," seems to have come from the same country. Mr. N. P. Willis, in one of his letters as Special Correspondent to a Philadelphia newspaper, said: "The seats for this night are already many of them engaged, and engaged, too, by the very cream of our upper ten." "Upper Crust" is another example. Judge Haliburton, as Sam Slick in England, writes: "I want you to see Peel, Stanley, Macaulay, etc. They are all upper crust here."

Many of us have been told by pedagogues or others that the word "Cabal," was formed from the initials of the names of Charles the Second's ministers—names needless to detail here. This, however, is undoubtedly a mistake; for we find the word used in the time of Queen Elizabeth by Sir John Harrington. It occurs in the epigram:

I am no cabalist, to judge by number;
Yet this church is so with pillers filled,
It seems to me to be the lesser wonder,
That Sarum's church is every house pillied.

"Hudibras" was written ten years before the celebrated "Cabal" of 1672, yet we find the word employed by Butler in two different senses. In Part One it occurs as follows:

For mystic learning with wondrous able
In magic talisman and cabal.

And in Part Four, in its usual acceptance :

Set up committees of cabals,
To pack designs without the walls.

Some etymologists derive "cabal" from a Hebrew word, meaning a hidden science of Divine mysteries, which the Rabbis affirmed was revealed to Moses, and by him handed down to posterity. The sceptical Gentiles, however, treated this assumption of the Jewish priests as a mere pretence, so in time "cabal" came to have a less reverential significance. But whatever the remote derivation of the word may be, it is clear that it was in use before the reign of Charles the Second.

Some years ago, the expression, "What will Mrs. Grundy say?" was constantly in people's mouths. The phrase was originally taken from Tom Morton's comedy, "Speed the Plough." The play opens with a view of a farm-house, where Farmer Ashfield is seen sitting at a table, enjoying his ale, and holding the following colloquy with his wife :

"ASHFIELD. Well, dame, welcome home. What news does thee bring from market ?

"DAME. What news ? What I always told you—that Farmer Grundy's wheat brought five shillings a quarter more than ours did.

"ASHFIELD. All the better for he.

"DAME. And I assure you, Dame Grundy's butter was quite the crack of the market.

"ASHFIELD. Be quiet, will ye. Always ding-dinging Dame Grundy into my ears. 'What will Mrs. Grundy say ?'

Professor Barrere asserts that a saying of a different kind, "gone to my uncle's," is really a pun upon the Latin "uncus," the hook which pawnbrokers employed to lift articles before the more modern spout was invented. The latter, again, has given rise to another slang phrase, more politely expressed by the American speculator when he explained to the Bankruptcy Court, that his property had gone "where the woodbine groweth."

The meaning of the term "sub rosa," "under the rose," is, "in strict confidence." Cupid gave Harpocrates (the god of silence) a rose, to bribe him not to betray the amours of Venus. The rose thus became the emblem of silence. It was sculptured on the ceilings of banquet-rooms, to remind the guests that what was said there was not to be repeated outside ; and down to 1526, a rose was placed over confessionals.

The dictum that "Cleanliness is next to Godliness," has been ascribed to John Wesley ; but it is said to have originated from the following sentence by George Herbert :—"His [a clergyman's] apparel is plain but reverend, and clean, without spots or dust ; the purity of his mind breaking out and dilating itself, even to his body, clothes, and habitation."

Philologists seem to be almost unanimous in considering the familiar term "navvy," to be a corruption of the word "navigator" for, the first canals being known as "navigations," their contractors were called "navigators," soon contracted to "navvies." About a quarter of a century ago, however, a clergyman resident at Fort William advanced the following ingenious theory as to the derivation of "navvy."

In the northern countries of the Scottish Highlands, the Danish word "nabi" is used in the sense of "neighbour," and has so been employed for centuries. When the Caledonian Canal was being cut in 1800 and the following twenty years, many of the inhabitants of the surrounding districts were, as a matter of course, engaged in the work. These men frequently addressed one another as "nabi"—just as an Englishman would probably say "mate," "chum," or "comrade." A large number of the same men afterwards proceeded to assist in the excavation of the Crinan Canal, which intersects the Mull of Cantyre, and where they found among the workmen a very considerable admixture of Englishmen. Here the use of the term "nabi" or "naabi," became all but universal ; and as the contractors and superintendents were English, they conveyed the word with them to the southern canals, when it was soon corrupted into "navvy." This theory, if not quite tenable, has at least the merit of ingenuity ; and it appears to be certain, at any rate, that the labourers at the Crinan Canal were called "naabis."

About the period when canals were being made all over the country, a vast number of Martello towers rose along the southern shores of England and Ireland. An invasion was expected, and it was generally imagined that this descent would take place on the Irish coast. Lord Cornwallis was Viceroy, and he ordered a series of isolated fortifications to be built. But much discussion followed as to the design to be adopted in the construction of these forts ; there was

little prospect of their being erected in too great a hurry. It happened, however, that the Duke of Richmond returned from the Mediterranean, while the authorities were considering a variety of plans. He had witnessed the bombardment of a little town, called Martella, on the Corsican coast. Most of the defences of this place were quickly laid in ruins by the heavy guns of the English fleet; but one insignificant-looking fort offered an unexpected opposition. On this building, which was of a circular form, the heaviest artillery of the times made no impression whatever. The cannon balls glanced off the structure, just as they are said to have done when fired in more recent days at the circular turret of the celebrated "Monitor," during the American Civil War. So this small Corsican fort was the progenitor of the multitude of "Martello" towers, which still mount guard on the shores of the English Channel. The turret-ship "Monitor," above alluded to, was likewise the progenitor of hosts of vessels of similar build, called "Monitors."

Among exclamations in common use, "Halloo!" and "Hurrah!" have curious origins attributed to them. It is said by the author of the "Queen's English," that the people of Charnwood Forest, Leicestershire, when they desire to hail a person at a distance, call out, not "halloo!" but "halloup!" This he imagines is a survival of the times when one cried to another, "a loup! a loup!" or as we would now say, "wolf! wolf!" "Hurrah," again, according to M. Littré, is derived from the Slavonic huraj, "to Paradise," which signified that all soldiers who fell fighting valiantly, went straight to heaven. "Prithee" is obviously a corruption of "I pray thee"; while "marry" was originally, in Popish times, a method of swearing by the Virgin Mary.

The familiar term "jockey" is from the Gipsy "chuckni," a whip; and John Galt informs us that "canter" is an abbreviation of "Canterbury." In his "Entail," this passage occurs:—"The horse at the same moment, started forward into that pleasant speed at which the pilgrims of yore were wont to pass from London to the shrine of Thomas à Becket at Canterbury, which for brevity, is in vulgar parlance called, in consequence, a canter." In the south of Scotland, a donkey is termed a "cuddy";

and near Melrose Abbey, there is a park called "Cuddy's Green." This, however, is a contraction of Saint Cuthbert's Green.

Sir Walter Scott, when embarking on a new steamship called the "City of Edinburgh," remarked to the captain that the vessel should have been christened the "New Reekie"; and he is responsible for the subjoined explanation of the sobriquet "Auld Reekie," as applied to the northern capital. A Fifeshire laird used to regulate the time of evening worship by the appearance of the smoke of Edinburgh, which could be distinctly seen from the door of his mansion. When he observed the smoke thickening, he directed his family to make preparations for prayer. "For yonder's Auld Reekie," said he, "putting on her night-cap!" These is met with, in some districts, a surname "Reekie"; perhaps this may be derived from the by-name of the Scotch capital.

To turn for a moment to one or two terms of a different character, we find that "turncoat" has an interesting history. One of the Dukes of Savoy found his position between the opposing forces of France and Spain somewhat awkward; and he had often to change sides. In order to facilitate this alternation of policy he had a coat made, blue on one surface and white on the other, either side being adapted to wear outwards. When in the French interest, he appeared in white; when in the Spanish, in blue. From these circumstances he acquired the nickname of Emanuel the Turncoat, to distinguish him from the other Princes of his house.

"Cravats," now obsolete, or nearly so, were introduced to Paris by the Croats; while "haberdashers" derive their designation from a variety of cravat which enjoyed great popularity, and which was called a "berdash."

"Blue-stocking" has given rise to much controversy. De Quincey attributes the use of the word to an old Oxford statute, which instructs "loyal scholastic students" to appear in blue socks; while Dr. Bisset says "blue-stocking" was a sobriquet applied to the only gentleman who attended Lady Mary Montague's assemblies in Portman Square. This gentleman, a learned Dr. Stillingfleet, wore blue stockings.

It is singular to note that the well-known word "Whig" is derived, by

Jamieson, from "whig," "an acetous liquor subsiding from sour cream."

"Tory," again, comes from the Irish, "tora, tora," "stand and deliver;" and was in the first instance applied to bands of outlaws, who harassed and cut off the English in Ireland. Then it came to be used with reference to supposed abettors of the celebrated "treason and plot;" and at a later time a "Tory" was one who refused to concur in the exclusion of a Roman Catholic Prince from the throne.

From the far East we get the saying, "white elephant." The Oriental monarchs were wont to bestow a white elephant on subjects whom they designed to hurry to ruin. To house, feed, and attend on the royal animal would cost the unhappy recipient of it more than all the care and treasure he had it in his power to give, so that at length he was ruined by the very magnificence of the present.

From nearer home we have the well-known expression: "He will never set the Thames on fire." It is thus explained. Our ancestors used a wooden mill, or quern, which sometimes took fire when worked with great rapidity. This mill was called the Thammi; and when in the hands of an idle miller, the chances of its becoming ignited were considerably minimised.

But it is time for us to conclude; and we may appropriately do so by glancing at the common phrase, "to cut and run." In ancient Egypt, anyone who ventured to mutilate the dead was held in abomination. But the system of embalming rendered certain "operations" necessary; and a low-caste person was selected to make the first incision. As soon as he had completed his task he was set upon by the bystanders, who belaboured him with sticks, and thus, followed by stones and curses, he found it highly expedient, having "cut," to "run." At least, that is one explanation of the saying, and perhaps it is as good as another.

THE OLD CASKET.

THE key is lost? Well, we must force the lock:
It is but a slight thing of filigree.

See, we can press it back, nor ever shock
The silver rosebuds, twisted cunningly
Over the casket's face, from the quaint shape
They took, how many centuries ago?
The age they deemed it beauty's art to ape
The blossoms as you never see them grow.

What subtle perfume rises as the lid
Yields to your fingers? 'Tis the self-same scent,
As that among the rich brocade was hid,
That Christmas when the hoarded robes were
lent

To the gay masquers; 'tis some rare perfume
She prized perchance, our fairest ancestress,
Who hangs there, guardian of the Doric room;
Where are the pearls she bears upon her dress?

Not in the casket here! They went, I think,
With the oak avenue whose roots we trace
There in the park—one prizes each frail link,
Between the storied past and the old place,
Which, though its trees and jewels both are gone
For King and Crown, you children hold so dear.
Well, lift the casket treasures one by one,
And guess what chance has kept them hoarded
here.

A miniature, what glorious eyes he had!
And see, the scallop and the shell are there!
Did the hot Eastern desert keep the lad,
With his proud mouth and waves of golden hair?
A faded rosebud, ah! it crumbles fast;
An azure sword-knot, see the crimson stain—
What could it tell us of the stormy past,
And its wild story of love, loss, and pain!

A rich brown curl—like to live things its hairs
Twine round your fingers—severed once, per-
chance,

From a dead head, at a dead lip's fond prayers,
Given with blushing smile and passionate glance.
So gather up the crumbling roses' dust,
And with the tress lay them amid the fold
Of this frail letter, breathing hope and trust
In the chivalric form and phrase of old.

The yellowing pages scarcely may endure
A touch ungentle—very tenderly
Put the soft curl, still fresh, and bright, and pure,
Amid the withered pledge of love to lie.
That is all, is it not? Too curious
Has been our idle search and trifling
Over the relics, nothing worth to us—
To some one each was once a precious thing.

How do we know? The spirits passed away
Who owned them once, may hover near us now,
To hear us, creatures of a later day,
Half-jesting, guess at love, and troth, and vow.
Hush! was it wind that down the corridor
Sent that long sigh? What echo from afar
Rang like a footstep on the oaken floor?
I wish we had not forced the casket bar!

CHRONICLES OF THE WELSH COUNTIES.

CARDIGAN, PEMBROKE, CARMARTHEN.

IN Cardiganshire we have one of the old Welsh Principalities. It is Ceredigion, said to have derived its name from Caredig, son of Cunedda, who, in the middle of the fifth century, expelled the Gaels who had established themselves on the coast, and became the ruler of the land he had recovered. It is a county with a distinct character of its own, wild and desolate over the greater part of its surface, and yet with charming glens and ravines here and there, sunk beneath the general level of the desert plateau. Its streams and rivers are numerous, and nearly all rise within its own boundaries; excellent fishing streams for the most part where not fouled by mine works. Such is the River Teifi with Cardigan town—or as the Welsh

call it, Aberteifi—at its mouth, a river justly celebrated by Michel Drayton—

Sith I must stem thy stream, clear Teivy, yet before

The Muse vouchsafe to seize the Cardiganian shore,
She of thy source will sing in all the Cambrian coast;

Which of thy castors once, but now can'st only boast

Thy salmon, of all floods most plentiful in thee.

That the beaver really haunted the River Teifi within historic times there is satisfactory evidence to show, and the valley perhaps owes some of its rich meadow flats to the dams constructed by these industrious creatures centuries ago. Giraldus, writing in the reign of Henry the Second, describes the animal as still existing in the river. Indeed the beaver was also known in North Wales, and under its Welsh name, Ffrangcon, has left a memory here and there, in vale or stream.

Though the beaver is extinct, the salmon still remains, and the Teifi fishery continues one of the best in Wales. In the northern parts of the county the rivers are much befouled by the mine works. But this is no new thing, for mining in Cardiganshire is an ancient industry which existed probably from the time of the Roman dominion in Britain. Otherwise it is difficult to see what was the object of the Roman roads that traversed the county across the wild hills, not only roads of grand communication, but less pretentious vicinal ways, still often in use between parish and parish. The metal seekers were here, no doubt, time out of mind; nor could their privileges be deemed onerous, nor their customs too exacting, considering the benefits they conferred on the community at large. The early Norman Kings, with a foresight that did them credit, laid claim to all mines discovered throughout the country—that is, they claimed the royalty paid by the miner—while at the same time they gave the royal sanction to his privilege of freely prospecting for metal in any man's domain.

Of mines of gold and silver, indeed, the King claimed the whole produce, and as lead ore contains a greater or less percentage of silver, the Crown laid claim to the lead mines too. During the minority of King Henry the Sixth, the Duke of Bedford granted himself a lease of all gold and silver mines within the kingdom, with the title of Governor of the Royal Mines. The distracted state of the Kingdom, however, culminating in the Wars of the Roses, caused the Royal claims to

fall into abeyance, and in the wilds of Cardiganshire mining went on, without much tribute being rendered to the Cæsar of the day.

Queen Elizabeth leased all her Royal rights to a company of mining adventurers, and under license from this company the well-known Hugh Myddleton realised a large fortune, by successfully mining for silver in Cardiganshire. This fortune, it is said, was in a great measure expended by Sir Hugh, in bringing the New River water to London; but the enterprising Welshman went on mining to the end of his life, and no doubt with tolerable success. At any rate his successor, Thomas Bushel, drew a large fortune from the same mines, and obtained the Royal permission to establish a mint in the Castle of Aberystwith, where from 1638 to 1642 silver pieces were coined, which are still tolerably plentiful in the cabinets of collectors. So great, indeed, was the value of the bullion raised, that Bushel obtained a grant of the Isle of Lundy as a storehouse for his treasure; and when the Civil War broke out, Bushel was able to show his gratitude to the King by clothing the whole of the Royal army in the West, as well as by lending the King the sum of forty thousand pounds in specie. Eventually Bushel sank nearly the whole of his fortune in supporting the Royal cause; and the most productive veins of ore being now exhausted, Bushel abandoned his Cardiganshire mines and went prospecting on the Mendip Hills, led to this course, it is said, by some old prophecy of the enchanter, Merlin.

Some years later valuable veins of ore were discovered at Gogerddan, near Aberystwith, on the estate of Sir Carberry Price, and in the year 1690 an Act of Parliament was obtained in the interests of landed proprietors, by which the ancient claims of the Crown were abrogated, and only a royalty retained upon the produce of gold mines. On the Act receiving the Royal assent Sir Carberry Price rode straight from Whitehall to his home in Cardiganshire, accomplishing the journey within forty-eight hours, and bonfires were lighted on all the hills, and general rejoicings instituted, in celebration of the event.

To Dovey's floods shall numerous traders come,
Employ'd to fetch the British bullion home,
writes one of the minor poets of the period. With many vicissitudes of fortune silver mining went on, enriching a few proprietors, bringing many adventurers to

ruin, and affording precarious employment to colonies of working miners. In the result the less valuable product has proved the more profitable.

Meagre lead
Which rather threat'nest than doth promise aught.

The chief lead-mining district is among the hills and ravines where the streams join the Rivers Rheiddol and Ystwith, above the watering-place of Aberystwith, and in the wild dreary country whose monotonous desolation is relieved by that wondrous chasm which is spanned by the Devil's Bridge. The name is uncomplimentary to the monks of the Abbey of Strata Florida, who built the original arch, the lower one, now disused, high above which stretches the handsome span of the more modern bridge. The Welsh, however, with more propriety, call the bridge Pontarmynach, or Monks' Bridge.

In the same wild district, but on the watershed of the Teifi, is placed the Abbey of Strata Florida, once the richest and most famous Abbey in Wales—now represented only by a few fragments, and a fine Norman arch, which has been marvellously preserved in the midst of universal ruin. When Leland visited the place in the reign of Elizabeth, he found that the precincts of the Abbey were still a favourite place of burial, and the ruins were surrounded by a cemetery of great extent, with thirty-nine great yew trees growing there. The Reformation, which destroyed this noble foundation, was never a popular movement in Wales, but was regarded with little but indifference.

The Welsh, indeed, had always viewed with dislike the supremacy of the see of Canterbury; the see of St. David's was, in their eyes, the rightful Metropolitan of the Church of Wales, and English domination had weakened so much the hold of the Church on the people of Wales, that its misfortunes hardly touched their sympathies. Among the farmers and peasants, the old prayers, the old charms, still retained a certain influence; they assembled at the parish church on Sundays as for a weekly holiday. The parson shared the potatoes and amusements of his flock; if a sense of decorum prevented his playing ball in the churchyard with the rest, anyhow he might keep the score. It is customary to regard this period as one of Egyptian darkness; but there was, probably, a great deal of honest enjoyment and happiness; and, if the men drank a good deal of ale, at least the ale was good.

Then came the religious revival, beginning in the latter part of the eighteenth century, when preaching was revived with something like bardic fervour, and the heart of the people was moved and excited, and everywhere chapels arose through the land.

Not far from the Abbey, near the village of Tregaron, is still shown the house of the Robin Hood of Wales, the Robin Hood, Dick Turpin, and Jack Sheppard of the popular legend rolled into one. Tom Jones, or, in Welsh, Tom Sion Catti, no doubt had a real existence, and flourished at his neighbours' expense between the years 1590 and 1630, but legend has embellished the small fragments of his veritable history with many ornaments of ancient folk-lore. That Tom, while living ostensibly on his small patrimony, should have added to his means by plundering all the country round about is credible enough. He certainly did not rob the rich to help the poor, after the example of Robin Hood; on the contrary, he plundered the small people and left alone the great, and thus was able to evade justice, and to finish his career with credit by marrying an heiress and eventually becoming High Sheriff of the county.

Through this same lonely region runs the old Roman Way known as Sarn Helen, which traverses the county from end to end; and at Llanio, a small township of Tregaron parish, remains of an extensive Roman settlement have been discovered. But among the peasantry of the county the Roman roads and camps are generally ascribed to the Flemings, the authors of all the mischief done in that part of the country, according to popular tradition.

This notion in regard to the Flemings, so opposed to that generally conceived of a mild, industrious people, occupied in teaching the semi-barbarous English and Welsh all kinds of useful arts and industries, requires a little elucidation. In the time of our Henry the First, Robert of Jerusalem, who had served with Geoffry of Bouillon at the siege and capture of the Holy City, was Count of Flanders, and a firm ally and a pensioner of our King. "In his time, Flanders was so afflicted with plague, famine, inundations, and continued rains, from October, 1108, to April, 1109, that many of the inhabitants were forced to retire into England, where they were planted in a colony in the east part of the country by King Henry." The east part of the country resented very strongly

the intrusion of these foreigners, and eventually the colony was planted in that extreme corner of Wales, now known as Pembrokeshire.

The ancient Principality of Dyfed, the Demetia of the Romans, at one time had embraced the greater part of South Wales. The tribe of Pendaran Dyfed was, according to tradition, one of the three original tribes of the Cymry. It spoke its own peculiar dialect of the Welsh, and in earlier times, it spread over the opposite shores of the Severn, occupying the counties of Devon and Cornwall, and holding out a friendly hand to the kindred tribe of the land now called Brittany. But in the twelfth century, Dyfed had shrunk into the corner called Pembroke. At the present time, Pembroke is still divided between an English and a Welsh speaking people. Here is the little England beyond Wales, which has existed as a distinct colony for at least seven centuries, and probably for much longer. For it is highly improbable that the broad tidal lakes and fiords, known as Milford Haven, were overlooked by the colonising or plundering swarms from the Baltic. The names of places of rivers and creeks, all suggest the Northman; and when Arnulph de Montgomery founded the town of Pembroke, and built a strong castle there, he levied tribute probably not from Welshmen, but from settlements of his own more or less distant kinsmen.

The south part of Pembrokeshire, indeed, is apart from the rest of Wales in physical character, as in population. It is a land of market gardens and fruit plantations, a land that yields much to careful cultivation, and in whose neatness and primness the Flemings have left perhaps their trace. Otherwise, there is little definite to remind us of this foreign plantation, unless it be a solidity and sturdy grace in the brickwork of ancient buildings and farmhouses. We hear of the Flemings indeed in the early Welsh chronicles; they are marching to and fro; they are fighting with Rhys and Caradoc; they are somehow mixed up in the curious imbroglio of Princes, Concubines, Bishops, and Royal Stewards, that were the moving pieces of the politics of the time. But of the inner life of the colony, we know nothing. Probably, it was never a very large one; a military rather than an industrial settlement, which soon became merged among the English-speaking inhabitants of the district.

The northern part of Pembrokeshire remained still thoroughly Welsh. There

stood the ancient shrine of Saint David, who had removed the Metropolitan jurisdiction of the Church of Wales from Caerleon upon Usk—that once famous city of the Roman rule—to the barren promontory looking over the Irish Sea. Here, too, something like a city had arisen: a place that was almost neutral ground, in virtue of the holiness of its surroundings, and owed its prosperity to the pilgrims that resorted there from all parts of Wales, and even from the English borders.

Pembroke is a county of noble harbours without ships; and, as if Milford Haven which would hold the whole commercial marine of the whole world, were not enough, here is Fishguard on the north coast, with a noble bay, in which an Armada might find secure anchorage. Such an Armada did anchor in Fishguard Bay in the year 1797; if not a mighty fleet, yet sufficient to put the coast and all the neighbouring regions in a state of great alarm.

Three French ships, one of which was an armed frigate, anchored in the bay and landed a force of fourteen hundred men. Their General formed an entrenched camp on a neighbouring height, which had been used for the same purpose some ages before. It was ages, indeed, since anything exciting had occurred in that neighbourhood; perhaps not since the Flemings appeared in sight, or the mail-clad men-at-arms of Arnulph de Montgomery.

The men of St. David's, however, were equal to the occasion. On the news that the enemy had landed, they mustered and demanded the keys of the cathedral, and, when their purpose was questioned, they pointed significantly to the roof, some part of which was covered with lead. The lead was stripped from the roof and divided among six blacksmiths, to be melted into bullets. Fowling-pieces were furbished up, and every man who was capable of bearing arms was warned for the *levy en masse*. All this seems to have been done, as it were, instinctively, by the people themselves, without leaders, without organisation.

It seems probable that the French Directory, in thus throwing an isolated expedition upon the coast, had the notion that the Welsh, like the Irish, were ripe for rebellion, for the force in itself was curiously unfit for any aggressive purpose. It was the *Légion Noire*, of fourteen

hundred men, under Colonel Tate—with the local rank of General—eight hundred of whom were convicts, recently liberated from the galleys; while the others had been drafted on account of bad conduct from different regiments.

As soon as the enemy had landed, they mostly dispersed in search of plunder. There had been a wreck on the coast not long before. Some ship from Lisbon or Oporto had been driven out of her course and lost, and all the cottages and farm-houses had their stores of port wine, upon which the convicts regaled themselves, blessing their lucky stars. They surrendered their arms with delight. "Bon, monsieur; bon! bon!" was the general expression as each man was relieved of musket, bayonet, and belt. Some, however, of the plunderers returned to the camp.

A wealthy farmer of the neighbourhood, stumbling incautiously upon their lines, was taken prisoner, and, while being conveyed to the General's tent, was neatly stripped of watch, chain, silver knee-buckles; even of his money, which he had hidden in his shoes. The officers were indignant, and would have made their men disgorge their plunder, but would have been shot by their soldiers had they persisted; and they set their prisoner at liberty with many apologies.

Meantime, the French ships had sailed away, leaving the legion to its fate. The frigate was captured before she reached Brest, and afterwards served in the Royal Navy as the "Fishguard," a name given the ship in commemoration of the scene of such great events.

A hastily-summoned force of militia and volunteers now appeared upon the scene, under the Thane of Cawdor, a Campbell, it will be remembered, who had property in the neighbourhood. The Welsh women thronged the heights all round, and with their scarlet cloaks and tall steeple hats, are said to have been counted as so many soldiers by the enemy. The same story, by the way, is told about the Spanish Armada, where the dames of Cornwall figure in a similar way; but such coincidences are not uncommon. Anyhow the French General, not trusting his own troops, determined on surrender, and after their brief spell of liberty the convicts were able to compare notes as to the conveniences of their native galleys and an English military prison, not always, probably, to the advantage of the latter.

Haverfordwest, the finest town in South Wales, was, no doubt, an English settlement originally under the De Claires, fragments of whose castle are built into the county gaol. Then there is Milford, on the shores of its haven, with a chequered modern history of alternate decay and prosperity; and on another creek of the great estuary are to be found the ruins of Carew Castle, one of the finest baronial castles in Wales. This brings us to Tenby, which is full of interest as to its environs; and that all adventurous interest about the surrounding coasts is not lost, may be gathered from the perusal of a recently-published work, full of gossip as to the district under review, called a "History of Pendine."

As for Carmarthenshire, its most notable feature is the rich and noble vale of Towy, the garden of South Wales, fitly celebrated by its own poet, Dyer.

Bard of the fleece whose skilful genius made
That work a living landscape fair and bright,
Nor hallowed less with musical delight
Than those soft scenes through which thy childhood
strayed.

For surely in Dyer we have the continuer of that sweet music of English verse, of which Spenser and Shakespeare had the secret; which Milton learnt from them; and of which Dyer alone of all the poets of the eighteenth century, preserved the tradition. And to quote Wordsworth again:

A grateful few shall love thy modest lay;
Long as the shepherd's bleating flock shall stray
O'er naked Snowdon's wide aerial waste;
Long as the thrush shall pipe on Grongar Hill.

Grongar Hill is in fact the ancient park of the once renowned Castle of Dynevor, the "Great Castle," according to the meaning of the name in Welsh, the seat of the great Roderick, King of all the Cymry, and afterwards of the Princes of South Wales. Here Spenser, in his "Faerie Queene," places the retreat of the enchanter, Merlin:

Under a rock that has a little space
From the swift Tyvi, tumbling down apace
Amongst the woody hills of Dynevor.

In the same valley, too, are the ruins of Drysllyn Castle, the history of which is thus epitomised by Roscoe in his "Wanderings through South Wales."

"Drysllyn Castle once occupied a large space of ground, but its remains are very inconsiderable, comprising only some fragments of the walls and a part of one of the towers. It was erected by one of the Princes of the house of Dynevor, and was

amongst the last of the possessions which they were permitted to retain. It has heard the song of minstrelsy within its ancient walls, and beleaguering hosts have set themselves down before its gates in deadly array. Near the spot where I stood, its massy walls had given way from the operations of a secret mine, and buried in its fall the besieging generals, Stafford and Mountchency, with many of their officers. 'Sic transit gloria mundi,' I ejaculated, as I turned my saddened steps away to pursue my solitary wanderings."

But the whole aspect of this charming valley is realised in the description of John Dyer, in his poem of Grongar Hill.

Ever charming, ever new,
When will the landscape tire the view?
The fountains fall, the rivers flow,
The woody valleys, warm and low;
The windy summits wild and high
Roughly rushing on the sky.
The pleasant seat, the ruined tower,
The naked rock, the shady bower;
The town and village, dome and farm,
Each give each a double charm,
As pearls upon an Æthiop's arm.

Following the course of the river we soon come

To Maridunum, that is now by change
Of name Cayr Marddin call'd.

Carmarthen, although a town of importance in the days of the Roman Empire, and afterwards the chief town of South Wales, and the seat of its Chancery and Exchequer, even to modern times, has now only the aspect of a cheerful, thriving modern town.

As for points of interest in the modern history of the county of Carmarthen, these would be comprised in the records of the curious rising on the part of the agricultural population of the county in the early part of the present century known as the "Rebecca Riots."

Well provided with excellent roads in Roman times, in modern days the highways of South Wales had fallen into a terrible state, while, thickly planted over the whole network, innumerable toll-gates exacted heavy and preposterous tolls from every vehicle. The grievance was a real one, especially for the small farmers, whose produce was thus unfairly handicapped; but there was no one to redress it, nor anybody responsible who could be reached or affected by protest or remonstrance.

The inhabitants of the district took the matter into their own hands. They met under the leadership of Rebecca, a man disguised in woman's clothes, whose identity was never discovered, although many

must have been in the secret. Everywhere toll-bars were levelled and toll-houses destroyed. Police and military were employed in vain; Rebecca was ubiquitous, but always timed her appearance when her pursuers were toiling after her in the far distance.

At last the riots were suppressed; but only when their object had been attained. The obnoxious toll-bars nobody ventured to reinstate.

The strange part of the matter was the unanimity of the people in resisting the law, and the conviction of the justice of their cause. Even now, it would not be prudent to say any very hard things against Rebecca in the county which was the chief scene of her exploits.

RICH AND FREE!

A STORY IN THREE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER III.

WHATEVER may have been my indefinitely horrible apprehensions, they were, of course, none of them realised.

The large, bare-looking room was nearly empty; fresh and hushed.

The time must, I think, have been early morning. A cold, clear light from a large window fell full upon him where he lay. I do not know what I had expected. Perhaps that he would greet me with curses—and surely they would not have been undeserved. But he looked calm and placid as he stretched his hand out to me, even before I was near enough to take it.

"Thank you for coming," were his first words. "I know you shrink from this kind of thing and place. But I could not help wanting to see you once more. Could not help wanting to know what had happened to you. Where were you? Not that anything will make much difference now."

When I did not speak, there was a strange intensity in the gaze he fixed on me. "We little thought," he presently began again, "that this is how it would end—the experiment we were going to try. Well! perhaps it is best. Heaven knows. I am thankful we meet once more. I have a good deal to say to you—if I should be able to say it."

He appeared to me to be altogether changed—the grossness gone from his face, the coarseness from his voice. He spoke slowly, and with frequent pauses, all the while keeping hold of my hand.

I knelt down beside his bed, because I was not able to stand. He was silent for a little and closed his eyes. When he opened them again they had a startled look in them.

"It was horribly sudden. I knew instantly what it meant. I remember thinking 'glad she is not in it!' But where were you? You haven't told me. I suppose you know that I am dying. I want the truth. How did I miss you? Were you in the first train after all? Had you walked into the town and—lost your way and got too late?"

I did not think I could open my lips to answer him. It seemed to me that if I spoke at all, the brutal truth would break from me. He was still holding me. Had his grasp been still a strong grasp, I should have wrenched my hands free, and left him. As it was, his weakness held me there. But I looked round, despairingly, for help of some sort. The nurse, who was hovering near, on the watch as to how he bore the agitation, brought me a chair and lifted me into it.

When she had again left us, he spoke again, pleadingly. "Won't you speak to me? Won't you tell me? There isn't any time to lose. When the pain racks me, I don't know or understand anything. They must take you away then. I don't know what I might say then. Mind you are taken away then."

His brows and eyes contracted; his face took a piteous expression of anxiety and dread.

I stooped my mouth close to his ear and said: "I ran away. I did not mean that we should ever meet again."

I felt a nervous spasm in the hand that held mine; but he said nothing—lay quite quiet with his eyes now fixed upon the window. The sun had just come round there, and the nurse had pulled down a white blind. On this blind were the sharp shadows of dancing leaves, and the shadow of some tiny bird fluttering from twig to twig of the creeper. He seemed absorbed in watching these things, and my eyes followed the direction of his. These suggestions of stir and life outside seemed to accentuate the stillness of the room.

The nurse glided up to the bed. "That is right," she said, seeing his quiet look. "Your coming has done him good. He won't be so restless now. Very soon he must take his opiate, and he will have a long sleep."

When she had moved away again, he

brought his eyes back from the window to gaze on me; such strange, changed eyes! "She says I shall sleep a long sleep. In case it is so long that I never wake—and this would be a merciful ending—as you would know, if you had felt a tithe of what the pain is when it racks me! But never mind that, I am sorry I said that. It will all soon be over. I must make haste to speak while I can. First, I ask you to forgive me. I see many things clearer now. It was my fault. I ought to have known it couldn't answer. I understand something about it now—too late. You never deceived me. I knew you didn't care for me. Then, when you felt as if you were in my power, you didn't trust me; you began to hate me. That was it, wasn't it? Well, I think you misjudged me. I think you might have trusted me. If I knew myself, I should never have required of you anything you did not choose to give me; you should never have spent one hour with me against your will. Well! That is all past praying for now. What I now want to speak about is this: you are legally my wife; that is done, and cannot be undone. To my wife, I have left everything I possess. I am, or I was, very rich, much richer than you had any idea of. It is you who are very rich now. It is all yours, quite safely yours; no one can touch a farthing of it. I took great pains to make it all secure, that there should be no possibility of trouble."

I had thought of no such contingency. His words were a shock, a horror to me.

"That must not be," I cried out with a voice so shrill as to startle the quiet of the place. "This must not be. Tell me how, to whom——"

"You must have it. You must use it. There is no one else. No one."

"Oh, but, have mercy, as you hope for mercy. Have pity on me, release me, let me free. Think how loathsome your money must be to me after what I have done. It is I who have killed you."

"No; that is not so. It was all my own fault. I have little strength left me, don't make me waste it in contention. You feel now as if you didn't want my money. But, by-and-by, you will feel differently. You think you have wronged me. Well, let me have my harmless revenge. This is my revenge. For a long while past you have been overwrought and out of health. You have worked too hard. When you have put me in my grave, and have

had time to get over the upset all this has been to you, you will look at things differently. You will come to feel the good and the comfort of money, and you will come to think kindly of the man who left it to you. At least this is my hope."

"This cannot be," I answered. "I cannot take it. I must not say that your revenge is cruel, for I don't believe you mean to be cruel. But can't you understand that I simply cannot live upon and use your money—money which is to me the price of blood?"

"Your exaggerated way of looking at things. I must have your promise that it shall be as I wish. It is hard indeed if a dying man is to be denied even such a satisfaction. You know," he went on, "that I have relatives, and you know, too, that I am not proud of them. There is not one among them who would not vilely misuse my money. It is yours, all yours; yours it must remain. Little as you think of me, I am the flower of the flock; the one respectable member of my family. It would be hard indeed for any of my money to pass into their hands."

He did not seem to hear me when I pleaded further; seemed absorbed by his own lines of thought; when I ended—he waited till I ended because his voice was too weak to make itself heard against mine:

"I know you will do what I require of you," he said. "I know I can trust you to respect my wishes. You will not grudge me so harmless a revenge. Time will make it all easy to you."

"Perhaps," in my desperation I suggested, "perhaps you will get well. Perhaps you may live to use your money yourself."

"Do you wish me to get well? Do you wish me to live?"

The expression of his voice and face, a sort of struggle between grim humour and eager hunger touched even my selfish heart.

I boldly answered, "Yes," and my yes was not, at that moment, a lie. But he was wise enough to understand, and he spoke on as if I had said no.

"If you had wished it for love—who knows? Love has worked miracles ere now, or so the poets tell us. Perhaps I believed them enough to believe that my love for you might work the miracle of winning yours for me, in time."

"I would willingly die instead of you," I groaned. "I am sick unto death, heart and soul and body."

"Die instead of me? Yes, I daresay.

But live for me, with me, you could not; you found you could not. And—I—understand."

His eyes closed, his face changed. I thought he was dying, and I called for help. The nurse came. She slightly raised his head upon her arm, and held a glass to his lips. He drank its contents, and murmured, "Good-night." Then, much more distinctly—

"Remember, I have your promise."

His lips moved again, after we both thought he had fallen asleep. It was the nurse who detected what he said.

"He asks you to kiss him, poor soul—poor soul!"

My lips had never before voluntarily touched him. I stooped over him now, and pressed them to his mouth, and on his cold, damp forehead. It was long before I lost the sensation of that contact.

The nurse told me he would probably sleep for hours, and advised that I should go away and get some rest.

"Have I been here very long?" I asked her, recalling the possibility that they were still waiting for me.

"Not half-an-hour; not quite half-an-hour."

"Is anyone waiting?"

"A lady is sitting in a carriage at the door."

I went down to speak to her.

The sun was shining; a sweet, fresh wind was blowing; her heavenly eyes met mine. It was like waking from the evil dreams of a fevered night to the wholesome, morning world. And, in this wholesome, out-door world I craved to stay.

"Take me away with you, anywhere away," is what I tried to say; but, after meeting her eyes, I said instead:

"I am going to stay by him till——"

She gave a little nod of sympathetic understanding and approval, and kissed me. She had drawn me in to sit beside her a moment.

"We shall stay on here a few days with old friends of my husband's. I have written the address ready for you. We do not feel we could leave you now, and so I want you to know that you have friends at hand, ready to help you in any way, when the time comes in which you can be helped."

I did not say one word of acknowledgment, though the comfort I got from her assurance was indescribable. We looked at each other a few moments, holding hands. I think she understood.

Then I returned whence I came.

A ghastly time followed, night and day mingled; and I do not know how long it lasted. Doctors and nurses came and went. He alternated between stupor and paroxysms of agony. Sometimes I lost consciousness, and was taken away and laid on the nurse's bed. But, generally, I sat beside him, assisting literally at his agony. Why I did this, and why I was allowed to do it, I don't know. I had lost all wish to leave him. A fearful sort of attraction chained me to his side. Of course I was supposed to be a heart-broken and devoted wife; perhaps I had some confused notion that it was due to him that I should countenance that idea; perhaps I still hoped to wring from him my release from the burden he had laid upon me. But when, by-and-by, came a day, or days, during which he was free from the stupor of opiates and the delirium of pain, he showed, combined with a touching amount of weakness, so dignified a self-restraint, and so much delicacy of consideration for those about him, that even my hard heart was touched, and I could not bring myself to trouble and agitate him.

One morning—on a morning which followed upon a night of more natural rest than he had yet known—the physicians spoke for the first time of the possibility of partial recovery; that is to say, they began to think it even probable that a helpless and suffering existence might be indefinitely prolonged.

When they told me this, I do not know what I thought and felt. I shrank from knowing then, and I shrink from knowing now. But I remember certain distinct pictures that presented themselves of what our life together would be—he a hopeless cripple, I his constant companion. I try to believe that I should have been that—his constant companion. It was not only that I had no love for him, but also, that I am peculiarly deficient in power of devotion. I have none of that delight in serving and self-sacrifice, which, for many a woman, would sweeten such a lot. I want always to do a thing because I want to do it, and when I want to do it. To do this or that, go here or there, at the will of another is irksome to martyrdom to me.

I watched my own face in a mirror as they spoke with me, and I thought I read there the solution of the problem. "You will die," I told myself. "If he lives, you will die."

They left me without my having spoken

a word, and I stood just as they left me, still looking into the mirror, but no longer seeing myself or any outward thing. I tried, by-and-by, to collect and mentally arrange myself, before I should be called to him. But I was called too soon. He wanted me immediately, the nurse who called me said, and I had, therefore, while still half-dazed and wholly unprepared, to encounter those now so strangely wise and understanding eyes.

"They have been telling you that I may leave this place alive—telling you that I may so far recover as to drag on for years?" he began eagerly.

I just bowed my head.

"Poor woman! How ill you look! Do not distress yourself about things you will never have to suffer. They are quite wrong. I shall never leave this place alive. I understand," he went on, after a pause, "something of what you are going through. You would not be able to run away from me again—my being a helpless cripple would hinder you—and what a life it would be for you beside me! What a life! Never fear, Magsie, you won't be tried. They are quite wrong."

He spoke as indulgently as if speaking to a sick child, and, as he did so, feebly patted my hand lying on the coverlet. His voice was far weaker than I had yet known it, his breath came laboriously, and he stopped between every few words.

"It will all be over soon, very soon. It has been good in you to stay by me; believe me, I am grateful. You will soon be free now—rich and free. Go about the world. Try to forget all this, as you would try to forget a bad dream. Learn to enjoy life, being rich and free." He repeated the last words, "rich and free," lingering over them tenderly, and his great weakness lent a pathetic quality to his voice.

"I think it would be wiser, it certainly would be safer," he began again, after a pause, in a dreamy, meditative way, "for you not to marry. Your money might cause trouble if you married. Besides, I think you are the kind of woman who, being rich, would get no good from marriage. You will be better alone and independent. But mind, I am not dictating to you; I am not even expressing a wish, but a mere opinion. Everything must be as you like. I would not for the world——"

There he paused, then murmured: "How strange, when one is dying, the familiar phrases seem! 'For the world.'"

What is the world to me? What I want to say is, and what I want you to feel, that I desire to leave you absolutely free—rich and free."

Repeating the words, he smiled softly to himself, in pleasure of my pleasant prospects, and it was then, this one only time that his living smile ever seemed to me beautiful. Something broke within me—the hardness of my heart, perhaps.

"I cannot, cannot bear it," I cried, and I laid my face down on his hand, and burst into passionate sobbing and crying.

"Don't, don't, don't," came his plaintive remonstrance. "I never could bear to see a woman cry, not even a strange woman—and you, Maggie!"

But I sobbed on, making no effort to control myself. The floodgates were opened, and I found some solace in this outpouring.

Presently, a convulsive movement of his hand beneath my cheek made me look up into his face. I saw it coming. I shrieked. Then all was confusion. I was taken away.

I did not see him again alive.

When I saw him after death—I made myself do that—the likeness of the smile I had thought beautiful was sealed and settled on his face. And this is how I remember him.

That night I heard the doctor say:

"A mistake to have let her be here. An uncontrolled nature. Something peculiar in their relation to each other, I fancy; some mystery about her. But for the mental agitation which brought on that final crisis, he might have done well. In fact, he was doing well."

"Have I murdered him twice over, then?" I asked myself. But I did not believe that. He knew; but they did not know.

It has been even worse than I expected, the definite recalling and setting down of all this.

I must stop. My very fingers are so cramped and half-paralysed, that it is hard to hold my pen.

Will there be a story to tell of how his revenge worked—of how the burden of his wealth crushed me?

Of all this I know nothing yet.

I have told how I came by so much money. I have to learn how to use it.

UNCLE BOB'S NIECE.

By LESLIE KEITH.

Author of "*The Chilcotes*," etc.

CHAPTER XVIII.

To Tilly this new world offered many perplexing enigmas which her inexperience could not solve. In Lilliesmuir, the human drama was as little complex as may be, and everybody's motives were so thoroughly known and discussed, that life was quite barren of surprises, and as blameless of ambushes as Salisbury Plain.

Here, on the contrary, it was rich in the unexpected; was no longer ruled by a rough simplicity that was content to do to-day what had been done yesterday in a prosaic routine that clamoured not for change. Here were conventional notions, too, and admitted rules to be regularly enforced; but it was to Tilly as it is to inexperienced travellers who cross a frontier and find the currency all changed, and the language of barter a strange tongue.

To the girl, eager for the untried, it acted as a stimulus. She wanted to understand, to share; above all, to live richly and dramatically and with enduring satisfaction, taking everything that was good in the new, while losing nothing of the old. So she set herself to watch the actors as one who stands aside awhile—a spectator—before taking part in the play.

Her largest opportunities of study were at the dinner-table, where the boarders met after a day spent variously, and relaxed themselves in talk. It is wonderful how a good meal encourages conversational superfluities; those who had been out and about in the busy streets, embroidered their small experiences till they grew into adventures; those, like Major Drew and Mrs. Moxon, who were content to take their peep of the world from drawing-room windows, not to be outdone, fell back upon their memories of the past. Boarders, as a rule, talk a great deal when they meet; it is one way of asserting and maintaining the equality on which the communistic life depends.

The Major, who had been a valiant soldier in his day and had seen service in many lands, seemed to hold it his greatest distinction that he had had cholera and yellow fever, and had once suffered from the plague, and he could not feel on any

terms of intimacy with new people till these biographical particulars were known.

Mrs. Moxon preferred to shine in the light of her late husband's glory, and offered his opinions on all subjects with great liberality; little Miss Dicey, who was a perfect treasury of small facts and details, had always a corroborating anecdote or illustration, and came in like a whole Greek chorus embodied in one small person.

Thus when the Major began :

"When I was with Lawrence before Ishmaelpore——"

She was ready to murmur sympathetically: "Annexation of Oude: beginning of all our troubles."

And when Mrs. Moxon told that oft-repeated tale of the Bishop's visit to the Parsonage, Miss Dicey betrayed an immediate familiarity with the Bishop's private history, and even with the heresies which had disturbed that particular ecclesiastical year. Poor Miss Dicey! She might have been better loved had her mind been less encyclopædic. It is such a wound to one's vanity to have all one's scraps of knowledge forestalled!

"What a wonderful thing it must be to be able to write books!" said Tilly to her neighbour, Mr. Sherrington.

"I have only written one," said he, smiling at her very pleasantly, "and I think, Miss Burton, that I really deserve a laurel wreath for that laudable moderation."

"Why do you stop at one?" she asked. "If I could write one I should want to write fifty." She glanced across at Miss Dicey, who was whispered to have furnished an entire shelf in Mudie's with specimens of the murder and sudden-death order of literature.

"The saving grace of discouragement," he began; but his wife, who had an ear for everything he said, looked up with a quick denial.

"It is all nonsense, Miss Burton," she said; "he is too good for his public, that is all; they are not ready for him yet."

"They are being educated up to me," he said in his lazy, cynical fashion, looking at Tilly with his sad brown eyes. "The School Board is my pioneer; but, unfortunately, time will not halt for the philosopher while it ripens his audience."

The disease of vanity takes so many forms that it may have been that he was vain—not of having written a book, but of having written one too subtle for the general grasp; when a man can console

himself for failure on grounds of personal superiority, he is not much to be pitied. And so between the successful novelist and the unsuccessful essayist there was a burial of the tomahawk and a freedom from envy, jealousy, hatred, and malice, that was beautiful to see, and was a noble example to the other members of this strangely-assorted family.

Madame Drave, a large, blonde woman, with an immobile face, did not help the talk with any native brilliance; but, indeed, it needed no stimulus, as it rippled on without a lapse to the accompaniment of knives and forks, the only listeners being the two silent young people who faced each other at the foot of the board.

In a day or two, however, Tilly noticed that her uncle joined this pair, and he who had at first seemed willing to swell the general stock of reminiscence was now as silent as they. Tilly looked at him with a shade of anxiety.

She passed a hand within his arm when she left the dining-room, and drew him up to their own sitting-room.

"You are quiet, dear," she said. "Is it—are the dinners to your mind?"

"A man's inside is his own, Tilly," he answered with a faint remonstrance, as if she had suggested that the human stomach was framed on "one fixed primordial pattern," "he knows best what to put into it; as for 'quiet,' I take it that you can't do two things well at a time; and, for the matter of that, there's jabbering enough to drown a man's voice if he did want to make it heard."

By which Tilly was fain to hope that the humours of his palate were gratified, even if he were a trifle jealous of the Major's fund of anecdotes.

"And you, little lass?" He looked at her with a lightening of his heavy brows.

"Oh, I get enough to eat," she said with a smile; "food for mind as well as body. In Mr. Sherrington's neighbourhood one is always sure of securing the salt and the pepper and the best bits of bread, and he really is very amusing as well."

"Is he? Seems to me a dowf chap; and as for that old body the Major, he would like to make out that nobody has set foot out of England but himself. 'Been much abroad?' says he, and then begins with his India and his China. Tell you what, my lass, there's no call to tell him or anybody where my pile was made. It's there, and

"I'm ready to spend it, and that's enough for them."

This was an unexpected phase; but after all, it was one that need not have perplexed Tilly. The new surroundings had their influence on her uncle too, and it was natural enough that, in taking what he considered an upward step in the social scale, he should wish to practise a reticence about a past that was likely enough to be misunderstood. Those fine, finicking people, what had they in common with his youth and manhood, with all its profound vicissitudes; they who had grasped no idea of "life," except as it displayed itself in conventional European travel? It was enough for them to know that he was rich; rich enough to buy them all up any day and never feel the poorer for it.

But this consciously practised reserve sat hardly on him, and showed him at his worst; it fitted him as uneasily as his dress clothes. His garrulous boastfulness had been natural to him, and it had therefore been more or less interesting to other people; Mr. Sherrington had looked at him with mournful gaze, as if he meditated weaving him into an article on primitive man; to Miss Dicey he had already suggested the outline of a new romance. But with his silence all this was changed. He ceased to be interesting, having no other way of putting himself forward, and he was too rustic, awkward, plain, to serve an ornamental purpose; his attitudes and actions were strained; and he entirely lacked the languid, artificial grace and ease that made Mr. Sherrington so picturesque a personage.

He resented all efforts to draw him out, and he devoted himself with a sort of dogged patience to his dinner, eating of everything with strict impartiality, and drinking wine of his own ordering. Major Drew drank ale, and Mr. Sherrington claret of a thin vintage; and it was partly with a feeling of pride that no one but himself could afford a costly brand, and partly with the old, more wholesome instinct of hospitality, that Uncle Bob insisted on sharing with his neighbours.

It was this note of an undiminished appetite that somewhat consoled Tilly; but when he began to carry his fits of abstraction back with him to their own sitting-room; when his quiet moods did not always at once yield to her little jests and gay outlines of conversations held downstairs, or things she had seen while out shopping, a little thread of unhappiness began to weave itself into her gaiety.

"Are you sure you like being here?" she implored. "If not, why need we stay? We can go back to the hotel to-morrow, or back to Lilliesmuir"—the suggestion cost her a little moral heroism—"if you think best."

"Back to Lilliesmuir!" he echoed, with one of his old, loud laughs. "Are you tired 'supposin'?" Tilly? Is it too dull for you here? Why don't you go and buy a new gown, or get one of these folks downstairs to take you to a theatre?"

"Dull? Why, it's ever so much more lively than at the hotel." She made the admission without thought. "I see more of my cousin and of his cousin; and there are all the people in the house; and there is Mrs. Popham's to-morrow. Oh, it is charming for me—but it is you I think of."

"Well, then, you needn't," said he bluntly. "I'm as right as can be. We'll stop here a bit, now we are here. It will do well enough to start with, though I don't say it will do to end with. You've a right to look for something better than this, and one day you'll get your rights, or I'll know the reason of it."

"I want nothing more," she protested. "Nothing at all, unless you will go out with me now."

But he pleaded an engagement.

"I'm expecting Behrens," he said. "It's time he was here now. He said he would drop in about three."

It seemed to Tilly that Mr. Behrens was always dropping in; sometimes he carried Mr. Burton off with him, sometimes he remained in the quiet sitting-room and held him there in talk. To herself, Mr. Behrens was always the kind and pleasant elderly friend; he brought her flowers and books, chosen with a nice discrimination of her taste, which happily had remained unvitiated as when she had pastured in Cousin Spencer's severely chosen library; he paid her little compliments which she accepted smilingly; but it was, after all, her uncle he came to see. He was very unobtrusive, and having by some magic obtained the latch-key for which young Runciman yearned, he was able to come and go unseen, even of Mrs. Moxon.

It was wonderful what a great deal he and her uncle found to talk about, and it was not surprising that she began to connect Uncle Bob's new behaviour with his friend's visits. There was a light in his eye after an interview or a walk with Behrens, and sometimes, too, a grim,

almost an exultant smile on his lips; and what meant all those clumsily veiled allusions, those hints of distant splendour to be one day reached?

When she questioned him he would shake his head, or make a feint of changing the subject by a half-angry insistence that she should spend more money, and make more show. If she supposed that he couldn't afford it, she needn't suppose it any longer. He bought a carriage for her in which she and Honoria, and sometimes little Miss Dicey—only too happy to sit on the narrow seat—took daily airings in the Park, and did a vast amount of shopping; and with the very beginnings of spring she was to have riding lessons from the best master London could produce.

She sighed regretfully for the old times, when she possessed his full confidence, and when his boasting had had a healthy naturalness that gave it a sanction; but while his pride in her and his love for her remained unabated, increased perhaps, if anything, she could not be long unhappy. She had, too, so many other claims on the leisure of her thoughts, for life pulsed now at a full beat, and was rich with new and varied interests.

She was waiting one afternoon for her cousin, when they were at last together to pay the long-talked-of visit to Fulham. Uncle Bob had gone off with the mysterious Behrens in the carriage, which she yielded to them very freely. She was standing in the window of the sitting-room, waiting for John, who was a trifle late. The window, by some afterthought of the architect's, was a square one, and was furnished with a curtain, which made it into a recess. Tilly stood in this enclosure, watching idly for the figure that would presently hurry round the corner. She had secured the last of the many fastenings on her long gloves, and was quite still, following her uncle in her thoughts, and perplexing herself anew over his behaviour, when she became conscious of some other presence in the room.

A housemaid came to dust, no doubt, and, satisfying herself thus easily, she did not move. No housemaid was ever shod with such slippers of silence, however; neither flapping of duster nor switch of broom signalled her arrival, though a faint sound hinted to Tilly's quick ear the opening of a drawer. With a vague thrill, half of fear, though the day was bright and even brightly sunny, she parted a fold of the curtain and looked out. Madame

Drave stood before her, stooping over a small writing-table that was the joint property of her uncle and herself, and sufficed for their sparing correspondence. Madame had opened the door so noiselessly that her entrance had been unperceived, and now, with large white hands, she was deftly turning over the papers, without so much as a betraying rustle. These were not very many in number; but she examined them all with some care, and restored them precisely. From the table she passed to the mantelpiece, which, with every other available part of the room, was crowded with useless purchases—nicknacks, jewellery, photographs, china—bearing testimony rather to Uncle Bob's spending powers than to the correctness of his taste.

With a systematic neatness that was admirable in its way, and hinted at long practice, Madame peered into vases and pots, fluttered the leaves of books, examined the trinkets sent in for Tilly's choice. Her scrutiny was not eager, as if she were moved by mere vulgar curiosity; it was calm, unhurried, as if it were but a necessary duty she was performing. Tilly watched her with a fascinated gaze; her indignation crossed by a thread of amusement, as she pictured Madame's guilty start when confronted with this involuntary witness of her deeds.

Madame probably would not have started at all; but Tilly was denied the satisfaction of making herself known, for a sound from below caught Madame's ear, and took her from her task.

She quitted the room as quietly as she had entered it, leaving Tilly with an oddly bewildering sense of doubt as to whether she had not dreamed the little scene. Madame was too clever, too fastidiously neat, to leave any trace of her presence. She had examined, weighed, commented; but she had removed nothing; she had replaced everything as she had found it, even to a vase that had been set perilously near the edge of a bracket. When Tilly put out a hand to steady it, it fell with a crash and broke in fragments at her feet.

"My hands are much less clever than Madame's," she said to herself; "I wonder, does it take long practice to touch things so?"

The sound that had caused Madame's disappearance was John Temple's knock, and he now came in a little hurried and flurried; but the apology on his lips was arrested by Tilly's look of preoccupation.

"John," she said, looking at him, "do I look as if I had been asleep?"

"No," he said; "but you look as if you had been scared."

"So I have," she nodded. "I've seen a ghost, a daylight ghost; and I think it's more disagreeable than a night-time one."

"Did it break this?" he asked, noticing the fragments at his feet, and stooping to pick them up. "It must have been a very clumsy spirit, for it has smashed it beyond repair."

"No, I did that. Never mind it; I don't know whether it is valuable or not, but Uncle Bob will be only too glad of the excuse to buy another. Let us go out. I want some fresh air."

"Won't you tell me what frightened you?" he asked. "If it's a case of knocking anybody down, I'm good for that."

"I don't think I'm afraid so much as angry," she said, laughing off her vexation; "if my ghost comes again, I'll send for you."

On their way out a smiling maid waylaid Tilly.

"Mistress said I was to be sure to ask if there was nothing you or the gentleman would like before you go out?" she said. "Mistress would have come herself, but she has been lying down since lunch with a headache."

"Has she—since lunch?" said Tilly gravely. "No, thank you, Mary, I am going to have tea at a friend's house to-day."

"You will ride?" John asked, when they got out on the pavement. "We'll get a hansom round the corner."

"No, I mean to walk," she said. "Uncle Bob has relieved me of our hired chariot to-day. A whole carriage to oneself is sometimes an oppressive piece of grandeur."

"I haven't had too much of it to make oppressive," he said, with a laugh. "I share my carriage with everybody who has twopence in his pocket."

"I know," she said quickly—"an omnibus. I want to ride on one—on the outside of one. I've been inside, but the outside looks much nicer. We'll take one now."

She decided so confidently that he was taken aback, and only uttered a feeble protest.

"Not the thing to do?" she murmured.

"Cousin John, I beseech you don't join the chorus who make that their refrain. Other girls have done it, therefore I can and will do it."

"But you are different from other girls."

"Am I? I am quite as able to enjoy myself, and why should I be punished by being put inside with all the bundles and babies? We'll go home in a hansom, and that will satisfy the proprieties," she said with a smile that made him quite willing to accept this concession. He had made his protest; but he really saw no reason why her whim should not be gratified.

Granted youth, health, and an easy conscience, and almost anything makes for happiness. It was pleasant to be carried along, high above the crowd, the sharpness of the air tempered by the rarely bright sunlight, which made the spectacle of the streets as enchanting as a scene of a play. So, at least, it seemed to John Temple, as Tilly turned towards him with an air of triumph over her little success, and a renewed gaiety that swept away her passing sense of annoyance. He recalled a similar journey on that night when he first saw her; but with every lurch of the swinging omnibus he had been going from her then; now she was at his side, looking up at him, chatting to him, calling him cousin.

He stood in amaze before his own good fortune. He was twenty-six; he was without distinction; not in the least imposing, perhaps even commonplace, unless it were that certain qualities of heart that inspired trust and liking in others, saved him from this last reproach. Among these was a ready willingness to allow others to shine, and an enjoyment of their brilliance that won him a good many friends, and a habit of accepting the good-natured point of view that rescued him from the dislike of any but the censorious, who would have all men as they are. Such qualities are, after all, not so abundantly plentiful, that a man need be scorned because they are all the record he has to show.

Of this fibre was the cousin who bowled gaily along towards Fulham at Tilly's side, with a look on his face that comes earlier to most faces, but is seldom more informed with reverence and humility, and a nameless wonder at the graciousness of his lot.